

The Children's Newspaper, April 25, 1942

WILL ENGLAND PASS AWAY?

WHEN you are "old and grey and full of sleep," and sit nodding by the fire thinking of these days which will then be so far back, will there be an England then?

Thousands of you who read this will live to see the Twentieth Century go out and the Twenty-First come in, and there will come to you sometimes an echo of a song of your childhood which used to say, "There'll always be an England." We must hope it is true, for no more terrible catastrophe could befall mankind than that this small Island, which has borne the heat and burden of the day through the whole history of Freedom, should cease to be a great nation.

It is not to be thought of, as Wordsworth said, and indeed it is true that, whatever may come to pass, Wordsworth's daffodils will blow, and Tennyson's brook will run, and Keats's nightingale will sing, and Shelley's skylark will soar above our corn-fields, and there will always be Shakespeare and pilgrims by the Avon.

In a Hundred Years

These things, the love of this Island and the spirit that has made it what it is, are wrought into the life of the world and cannot be extinguished. They are as much a part of the Universe rolling through space as sun and moon and stars, or majestic mountains or raging seas. For two thousand years England has marched with Nature and will keep her company to the end of time, for she has given the world imperishable things.

And yet to those who look before and after there is a sadness that comes with the thought of the future of this green Isle that set Blake dreaming of Jerusalem. Where will it be in a hundred years to come?

THE mistakes and failures and neglects of our Governments have brought upon us grave disasters. We have endured such bitterness as we thought could never happen here. We have always been ashamed of the wretched poverty and ignorance and idleness and gambling and drinking that have thrived under the eyes of our Governments at home, and now we know that much of our rule of the Empire, too, was hardly good enough. We may be thankful that at last we have found the way of destroying poverty and ignorance and idleness, and we can recover from the tragic follies of imperial misrule; but shall we learn the lesson the finger of fate is pointing out to us as we come to the crossways of human destiny?

The Old and the Young

It is the lesson that the Kingdom of England, like the Kingdom of God, is within us. It depends upon us all, upon the common people of the nation, to see that when we have made a warless world there shall be an England to enjoy it after all her age-old struggle.

It is not a pessimist's business that we are thinking of, the idea that we are done for; it is the optimist's business of pointing the way to our salvation.

We are beginning to read in the papers something about Family Allowances, and it may be that there will be people who will say that already we are spending on social

services (health, education, pensions, housing, and so on) 400 million pounds a year, and that to talk of family allowances is to talk of the road to ruin. But the fact is that this idea is the only road conceivable that will save this country from disappearance.

It is a startling truth that Peace, when it comes, will find us a *declining nation*. We shall be beginning to build up the New World just as our own population stops growing and goes downhill. Already the nation is growing older—the ranks of the old are increasing and the ranks of the young decreasing.

SEVENTY years ago the number of people born was 13 in every thousand more than those who died. Today the extra thirteen have disappeared and the deaths and the births are nearing the level. Even though more people are married, fewer children are born. Yet it is true that owing to our previous rapid increase we have become more crowded, with half as many again on a square mile as seventy years ago.

Does it seem to you not to matter very much, or to be something that cannot be controlled? It matters everything to the Island and the World, and it can be controlled. Let us see one way in which it forces itself on our attention.

When the last Great War ended we had well over eight million children in our schools. When this war began we had much fewer than seven millions. We have lost a million



YORKSHIRE YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND FOREVER

young people who would now be at school or at work.

When the last war broke out London had 730,000 children at school; when this war began she had 470,000. Where are these quarter of a million children whose school desks are empty? In 1935 about 840,000 left school in this country; in 1945 the number is expected to be 640,000. Who can measure the value of these missing two hundred thousand lives a year at this tremendous hour?

It is questions such as these that may be commended to those who are looking forward to the reconstruction of our national life when war is over and done with. If it has been too hard a struggle to bring up a family in the past, it must be so no more. In all our plans for human happiness the aim should be the welfare of the family. Let us make life easier for the home with four or five children growing up to be useful citizens. Such homes are the pride of the

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d

No 1205
3d

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Lord Byron and His Dog

WITH its railings down in so many places London is becoming a much more friendly place, inviting the public to share a lawn or a walk or to come into the garden; and nearly 70,000 tons of iron has been saved for munitions by this simple improvement.

One thing of special interest has been accomplished, also, for the Byron statue has been brought into Hyde Park proper. The statue has hitherto been

confined in the corner of the park area railed off as Hamilton Gardens, and from this private garden the poet sat in bronze with his dog, looking toward the colossal Achilles monument in memory of the Duke of Wellington, set up by the women of England and made from cannon captured in his battles. The 67-ton block of marble on which Byron sits was given by the Greek people in memory of the man who gave his life for them.

The Church Built on the Sand

CN READERS who saw the R A F film Target for Tonight will remember that as each plane takes off for an operational flight the fact is reported to the controller, who is given the machine's name or number, time of departure, and the course it is taking.

A controller at a Coastal Command station in the North of Scotland was astonished to receive a telephone message one day, saying, "Station church

airborne at 13.15 hours, course northerly, probable destination Iceland."

The message was partly true, for a gale was blowing at the time and a particularly heavy gust had lifted the small wooden church from its foundations, broken it up, and swept parts of it out to sea.

It should be explained that the church was not built on a rock but, because the R A F had no other choice, upon the sand.

Continued from the previous column
country. The Family Allowance will multiply their numbers.

And let us see that education educates us in citizenship. Let us see that our young men care as much for their country as for a football match, that they train for citizenship as they train for their jobs.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who went to Parliament in a cap. He was the first man who had dared to go to the House of Commons wearing one. The papers laughed at him, the great political parties mocked him; he was the target for half the jokes of Fleet Street. But the common people heard him gladly and rallied round him, and Fleet Street had the surprise of its life when the Labour Party arrived from the polls. They had changed the face of politics and

transformed the life of the nation. They began by being in earnest and following the man with the cap.

What we have to do is to see that our politicians are worthy of their place; to light a fire in Parliament that will not go out until the House of Commons is worthy of its high responsibility; to begin even now to think of all these vital things on which the nation and the world depends. This England never did and never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, save when it first did wound itself.

It is we who must save the country that has given us all we have and made us all we are. There will always be an England as long as its people are willing to live for it and are worthy of those who are ready to die for it.

Arthur Mee

NORWAY'S STAND FOR FREEDOM

THE Nazis have been thrown into consternation by the resignation of over a thousand clergy of the State Church in Norway, the resignations being a protest against the order of the Quisling Government that all the youth of the country between 10 and 18 should enrol in Nazi organisations.

Some weeks ago the teachers and the bishops of Norway resigned for the same cause, and 2000 teachers are now in concentration camps.

These resignations will entail for the clergy the loss of their salary, but, like ministers of the Church of England during the Civil War, that will not prevent them from preaching the Gospel as long as they are at liberty. But the Nazi Commissioner, Terboven, is their ruthless enemy, and has arrested Bishop Berggrav.

All are members of the evangelical Lutheran Church, the national church and the only one endowed by the State, its clergy being nominated by the King. Most Norwegians belong to the church, only about 90,000 out of

the total population of 3 million being recognised as not conforming to it.

As in our own country, it is the duty and privilege of the clergy of the national church to marry people and to hand them the legal document, which is of equal authority with the registrar's.

Readers of the CN will recall the resignation of the seven bishops not long ago, and it is believed that there are only 39 Norwegian clergy who actually belong to the Quisling party, 39 traitors to their solemn vows.

This stand is one of the most significant yet made in the oppressed countries, for it proclaims that practically all the spiritual leaders of a nation will not bow the knee to false gods.

Why the Country Is So Busy

WE hear the important news that a mattress and a pillow have been secured by Maidstone's Civil Defence.

The Emergency Committee approved it and the town clerk wrote to the county clerk. The county clerk wrote that he had none. The town clerk asked the county clerk to ask the Regional Commissioner. The county clerk wrote to Regional. Regional asked what the mattress was wanted for. The town clerk replied that the old mattress was worn out. Regional approved. The county clerk received permission and sent it to the town clerk. The town clerk obtained a cheque from the borough treasurer. The cheque was sent to the Ministry of Works. The

Ministry supplied the mattress.

Now there remained only seven more processes, seven more envelopes and forms. The borough treasurer, having paid the cheque must obtain a national grant. The town clerk wrote to the county clerk for approval of the grant. The county clerk wrote to the Regional. The Regional sent on the approval. The county clerk sent it to the town clerk. The borough treasurer claimed it. The District Auditor investigated the claim and issued an order. The town clerk paid the grant to the borough treasurer. The transaction was completed, having been begun on February 10 and rushed through late in April.

We wish our gallant defenders good sleeping.

Bird Dormitory

A QUEST for CN children who this year are the guests of the countryside, as well as for those who live there always, is to find where the rooks go to sleep.

That seems easy, for the first answer would be "in the rookery," and rookeries are not hard to discover because of the noise. But that ardent bird-lover Mr Douglas Gordon says that the rookery is only their parliament house, where they meet to discuss affairs, and that the majority steal off to roost after the clamour has ceased to find their

sleeping-quarters perhaps ten miles away. It is hard to find, but he had the luck to come on such a place, hidden in thick woodland and serving as a dormitory, as well as a public camp or barracks for all sorts of birds.

The rooks, the main proprietors, came in latest at night, but already there were many others, woodpigeons and jays perching on bare branches, black-birds, thrushes, and sparrows sleeping among the evergreens. A general armistice reigns; no bird attacking any other at night.

The Rings of Burmese Women

Not the least interesting custom of the women of the engaging State of Burma, or rather of the women of the South Shan States of that country, is the wearing of brass neck rings, which are fashioned to fit the neck.

They are made of brass and as 16 to 20 are worn their weight is considerable, up to 40 or 50 lbs.

The wearing of these rings stretches the neck, the length of which may reach ten inches. In addition, rings are worn around the arms and legs, so that altogether a Shan woman may carry 60 lbs of brass. The curious custom seems to be dying out, and it is good that it is so, for the effect is by no means beautiful.

The Glow-Worm's Revolving Light

When a colony of the luminous bacteria that shine in the dark is treated with alcohol it shows its opinion of the drug by going out like a candle in the wind.

This experiment is one of many made by two doctors to explore the secret of the light of the firefly, the glow-worm, or the luminous creatures of the sea.

The readiest explanation is that the light they show comes from a chemical combination which comes into action when it is oxidised. When a drug like alcohol, or chloroform, or ether, is administered, the oxygen is shut off; but if pressure is applied the drug ceases to operate and the light reappears.

Little Minds in a Great Empire

THE Party Leaders of India have saddened the hearts of every friend of India throughout the world, and yet the hope remains that Sir Stafford Cripps's mission will figure in history as the last great step to the fulfilment of India's dream.

Unhappily, it is due to obstinacy that the proposals have been rejected, obstinacy on points entirely unworthy of the importance given to them by India's parties, but the fate of empires is not settled by small points. "Great empires and little minds go ill together," said Edmund Burke, and India will remember his words while the Japanese wolves are at the gate.

Sir Stafford Cripps has covered himself with honour by his struggling to satisfy the demands of these 400 million people, and the end of his efforts has not come because a few leading men have failed to seize a dazzling opportunity.

It cannot be said that Congress, the biggest Indian party, has shown any capacity for statesmanship, for it has been persistently blind to the rights (or even the existence) of the rest of India, and at the last moment, when agreement had almost been reached, it suddenly demanded, in almost Nazi fashion, a dictatorship over all India. It cannot be that this will end so great a matter.

PAYING MORE FOR LUXURIES

By additional taxes on luxuries the Chancellor of the Exchequer expects to obtain about £186,000,000 in revenue a year. In other words those people who drink alcoholic beverages, who smoke, and who visit theatres and other places of entertainment, and all who purchase such luxuries in wartime as new carpets, furniture, jewellery, and cosmetics will contribute about £500,000 a day to help to win the war.

Sir Kingsley Wood is to be congratulated on modifying the income-tax to married women and to those manual workers engaged in tasks in which their earnings are higher in some seasons than in others, and in promising to give a certificate to all income-tax payers, showing the amount to be returned to them after the end of the war.

The Chocolate Box

It seems that somebody is looking into the packing business, in which 100,000 people are engaged. We are glad to see that all the packing material is now being made from waste.

One of the things it is hoped to do is to make boxes and cartons honest things, and to stop the bad practice of sweet and chocolate shops putting their wares into bigger boxes to lure the public. It was always a pitiful thing to do, and many a man has been ashamed to have to give away a box half-full of chocolates.

THINGS SEEN

A hundred dustbins on the scrap heap at Sittingbourne.

A deep-sea diver descending through a manhole in a London street.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

SIR GOSCOMBE JOHN, who has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, has presented 50 British sculptures, including some of his own, to the National Museum of Wales.

The Liverpool Library, one of the first circulating libraries in the kingdom, has been so hard hit by lack of subscriptions that it has closed down after 184 years.



Free Danes have given £38,300 to Mr Churchill for fighter planes to be flown if possible by Danish pilots.

PRODUCTION of mercury began in 1940 in the Pinchi Lake district of Northern British Columbia and now this area alone is producing enough for Canada's needs and a surplus for Britain.

An old Red Indian chief, Alexi Jeremie of Fort Fitzgerald in the North West Territories, has subscribed to Canada's Victory Loan two hundred dollars, half his life's savings as a hunter and trapper.

The cash turnover of the Post Office has doubled during the war by about five million pounds a day.

Scout and Guide News Reel

GENERAL SIR JOHN SHEA has fulfilled a promise made a year ago to hand the King's Scout Badge to an East End boy; the boy worked hard and is now King's Scout Bowyer of St Matthias Troop, Poplar.

During a week of defence exercises Ferozepore (India) Scouts put posters in all villages warning the inhabitants not to be alarmed; the boys also acted as scouts and observers for the soldiers.

Arthur J. Umpleby of the 4th Lytham St Anne's Troop has been awarded the Scout Cornwell Decoration for his fortitude; Arthur, who is 13, is suffering from cancer, and has lost a leg.

The Boy Scouts of America have been asked by Colonel Knox, Secretary of the US Navy, to help to prepare models of aircraft for use in training personnel in aircraft recognition.

Tons of Paper For the Asking

IT was good to see our old friend Mr Hesketh Hubbard, the well-known painter and etcher, supporting a CN idea in The Times. Mr Hubbard is not only an admirable artist but is an inveterate smoker, and he has a good word of counsel to give to the shops where he buys his tobacco—and to the other half million dealers throughout the country.

His idea (which we were advocating in the CN some weeks ago) is that they should become patriotic enough to give up the dummy packets and boxes with

SIR OSWALD STOLL, in his will, bequeathed to all whom it might concern the idea of the Grand Survival.

All church conferences in Germany have been banned for the present, apparently to prevent serious protests being made by the bishops.

Mr R. G. Casey, the new Australian member of the War Cabinet, who is to act in the Middle East, has spent some time in London on his way there.

In the past year Canada has placed in the waters of the Maritime Provinces nearly thirty million little fish raised in hatcheries, including varieties of salmon and trout.

In four months the LMS has sent to blast furnaces 2900 wagon loads, nearly 11,000 tons, of scrap metal from blitzed London.

The US forces in the British Isles now have their own weekly newspaper, Stars and Stripes.

For the first time in railway history the LMS has laid experimentally 250 yards of main line track with concrete sleepers.

Chubb's Locks are still being made by a man who has been making them for 72 years, and the head of the firm, Lord Hayter, is 93; 17 other workers average 68 years.

THE value of Scout and Guide training was proved when fire broke out at Madame Malkowska's school for Polish children in Scotland. Ice roads held up the fire engines, and while girls tended the babies, boys helped with stirrup pumps and extinguishers to get the fire under control in two hours.

In conjunction with the Red Cross, the Guides, Scouts, and Brownies of North Staffordshire aim at collecting a million books for salvage.

Princess Margaret has been enrolled as a Guide in the 1st Buckingham Palace Company, having already served in the Palace Brownie pack.

By selling their own handiwork and presenting plays, 24 Brownies of the 2nd Chingford Pack have contributed £21 to war charities.

which they now fill their windows, and let them be used for fighting Hitler instead of lying doing nothing. At present, indeed, they do less than nothing for the country's good, for they tantalise the public into thinking the shop has a supply of tobacco when it has not.

It is not known how much waste paper and cardboard is available in this way, but we hope the Ministry of Supply has its eye on these windows, which together have many useful tons of munition material waiting to be picked up.

Two Centenarian Sisters

ONE of two sisters has been taken, the other left.

They belonged to a family of sixteen which was brought into fame by one of their brothers who climbed the second highest peak in the Himalayas, which was named after him, the Godwin-Austen. Florence Nightingale was a distant relative of the family, and the sisters met this great lady.

The young Queen Victoria was on the throne when they were born, and one of the sisters was named after her. She grew up to marry Mr Bryan Lushington and lived at Weston-under-Penyard in Herefordshire until the other day, when she died at 102. She was the young sister, Augusta Victoria; and it is sister Charlotte who is left, Mrs Charlotte Armstrong, living at Pirbright, is 103.

The Children's Newspaper, April 25, 1942

Mary Stuart & the Straw Hat

WITH straw so much in demand for fodder and paper, it is unlikely that we shall see a fashion in straw hats this year. Scotsmen always preferred the bonnet, which is their name for what we call the tam-o'-shanter, but it was they who unwittingly gave us the straw hat and the straw bonnet.

When Mary Stuart was Queen of Scotland she noticed women and girls in Lorraine plaiting straw and making it into hats and bonnets, so when she returned to Scotland, widowed Queen of France, at 17, she took a number of these women workers back with her and set them plying their calling in her own land.

THE JEWELS IN YOUR WATCH

Nobody needs telling that watches are precious in these days, and that repairing them takes a very long time.

The watchmakers' journal lets us know one of the many of the watch-mender's troubles. It is the scarcity of the tiny jewels in their working parts, which no longer come from Europe, so that the watchmakers now have to consider how best to repair their defects when they are worn or scratched or grooved by long usage. This is a difficult and delicate process, requiring microscopes magnifying as much as forty times.

LET US GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER

A story is told of the boyhood of Henry Rusillon, who became the great missionary of the island of Madagascar.

He was late for school in the little American town where his Swiss parents were living, and as this was not for the first time the schoolmistress put him on the punishment bench with a little black boy.

Rusillon became fast friends with his fellow culprit, and said long afterwards, "That was when I first began to love the coloured people."

FORGOTTEN CHIEFS

In the latest volume on Middlesex place-names, old Saxon names are given to Kensington, Islington, and Ealing. The Saxon chiefs who left their names in these familiar places were, in order, Cynesinge, Gislea, and Gilla, but no history records their deeds or fame.

A less romantic origin is given to Horace Walpole's "Strawberry Hill." His mansion followed a house built by a retired corn-chandler, and nicknamed by his acquaintances "Chipped Straw Hall." Straw easily became strawberry.

Imprisoned Beauty

THE exquisite beauty of a snowflake has been trapped and preserved for all time by a delightful technique.

This, curiously enough, has been accomplished in the laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, although it is only remotely connected with electricity.

The snare is a simple piece of black velvet. A snowflake settles on it and is easily seen. Then it is touched lightly with a piece of wire wetted with a drop of Formvar, a magic liquid which engulfs the flake and evaporates so quickly that it leaves a hard

As time went by adversity fell upon them, and so, it having been discovered that the light soil of Bedfordshire was peculiarly favourable to the growth of the straw they needed, the immigrants were removed in a body to Luton.

Luton and the villages round about remained the centre of our straw manufacture for the next three centuries, machinery replacing handicraft. Things have altered of late years, and Luton has developed industrially on new lines; but even so, if we wear an English straw hat we know it comes from there, made by the descendants of Mary Stuart's little company.

ROBIN HOOD'S PEDIGREE

No Nottingham man will give up his belief that Robin Hood was a proper outlaw of Sherwood Forest, but scholars differ and put him down as a myth.

They say his name was much the same as Shakespeare's Robin Goodfellow, and that Locksley, the name he gave in Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, could not have been his birthplace, for none can tell where it was. So they prefer to identify him with Jack-in-the-green, and his Maid Marian with the May Queen, and both of them, with the ancient Celtic feast of Beltane in the spring of the year. It is a sad come-down for Robin, if you believe it.

The Writing on the Wall

THERE is on the wall of a tomb in Egypt a 6000-year-old inscription which seems only too well to depict the condition of life under Hitler's New Order. It says:

Grain is scarce, the herb of the field hath come to an end, and all that man eateth hath failed. Every man stealeth from his neighbour. Though they would run, yet they cannot move. The babe walleth, and the child hardly draggeth himself along. The hearts of the aged are stricken down; their legs tremble and they lie prone upon the earth. The counsellors can give no counsel. Everything that liveth is in misery.

That is the tale told by a Pharaoh of an Egypt that had not taken heed in time and made provision against the dearth to come.

But 2000 years after this there rose a Lord Woolton in Egypt, the governor of a nome, one of the divisions into which Egypt was then split up. He foresaw the future and made ready against the evil day. He too has an inscription which seems to fit our time; this is his splendid boast in a tomb at Benihasan:

When years of hunger came I arose. I ploughed all the fields of the nome from north to south and I made the inhabitants to live. I provided food for them. No man went hungry therein. I gave to the widow as to the wife, to the younger as to the elder. And when the high waters of the Nile came, bringing forth wheat and barley and everything in abundance, I sought not again what I had spent on the land.

SOCKS

A touch of quiet fun gleams in a recent Army order about the soldier's sock. It runs: "The soldier must not consider his sock unwearable until the hole has reached a diameter of one inch or more."

Nor does the Director of Research on woollens afford the soldier much comfort when he says that a sock can shrink several inches and become so hard as to cripple the wearer after a few washes. We wonder what the soldier's wife or mother would say.

STRANGE STORY

This queer story is told in the latest bulletin of the *Infantile Paralysis Fellowship*, which carries on like a band of brothers whatever happens.

The doctor of the bulletin says that some years ago he was giving a young Frenchman an English lesson and happened to mention Deauville, where he had just been on a holiday. He showed the Frenchman a photograph his wife had taken there, and the pupil became excited and exclaimed, pointing to two figures in the photograph: "This is me and that is my wife." Some weeks later the Englishman was speaking of the incident to a mixed class of foreigners and passed the photograph round. It reached the hands of a French boy from Beauvais, who instantly burst out, pointing to a figure in a shop doorway, "This is me."

THE MISSING BONES

The Ministry of Supply points out that less than a quarter of the bones issued to butchers are now salvaged. Thousands of tons of bones which are invaluable as a raw material of industry must be thrown into dustbins or buried. This is a matter both for the householder and the local authority.

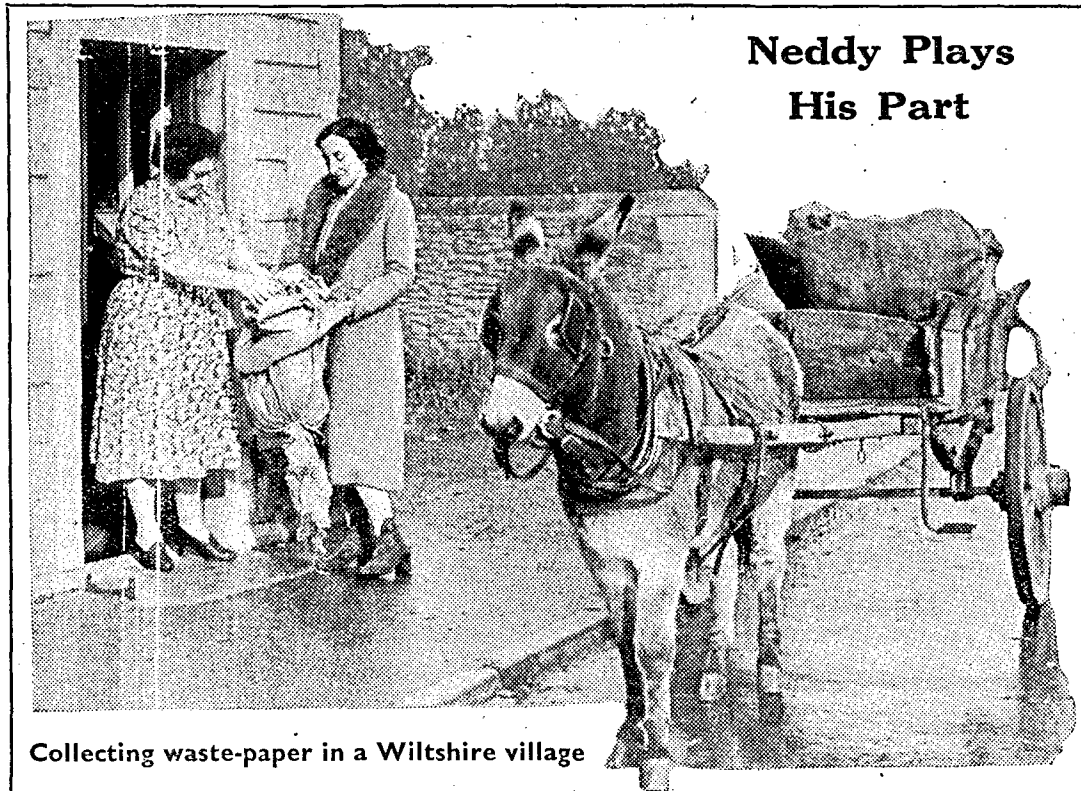
Science is Not Sure

ONCE again the astronomers' universe is taking a new turn.

A quarter of a century ago they interpreted the results which their biggest telescopes showed them as signs that the greater Universe was expanding, and that all the smaller universes within it, like our Milky Way, or the Andromeda spiral nebula, were flying away from one another. The more distant they were the faster they flew, so that it seemed that the complete Universe was exploding.

But the chief expounder of this idea, Dr Edwin Hubble, of the Mt Wilson Observatory, is not so sure. His latest declaration to the American Association of Science is that the observations he has collected in the last 20 years, do not now confirm the idea. The Universe is not infinite. It is on the other hand smaller than was supposed.

The fact is that our knowledge is never definite in some things, and science, ever making new discoveries, can never be sure.



Collecting waste-paper in a Wiltshire village

Neddy Plays His Part

THOSE ARMY LORRIES

It is not surprising to learn from the army accounts that the War Office received in ten months no fewer than 140,000 claims for compensation in connection with army traffic accidents, involving the finding by the taxpayer of an enormous sum of money.

It is simple enough to pay out money in compensation, but it would surely be simpler to take steps to prevent the need for compensation. When such accidents are recorded by the thousand it is high time the War Office took stern action in the matter. There is good ground for complaint of reckless driving of war lorries.

THE BURIED BIBLE

Among the precious books in the library of the Bible Society is a Malagasy Bible, one of the famous buried Bibles from Madagascar. When the persecution of Christians began in Madagascar over a hundred years ago, and the destruction of all Bibles was ordered, many of the books were buried; it is thought about seventy. This copy was hidden in a cave which the people of the village had used as a smallpox hospital. When the soldiers were searching for the Bibles they came to the cave, and as they were about to enter someone remarked, "I suppose you know that this is the smallpox hospital?" The men departed in haste, leaving the cave unexamined.

When the persecution was over the Bible was found, and was later sent to Bible House in London. Now it has had to be buried again, this time to avoid destruction by European savages.

CANADA'S GREAT HELP

Canada, that great Dominion whose population is still only about a tenth of that of the United States, is playing a mighty part in the war.

In addition to furnishing great bodies of fighting men, she is producing ships and munitions on an unprecedented scale. Thus, the shipping of various sorts from Canadian shipyards now approaches the output of ships in the United Kingdom, and war weapons from Canadian factories are being exported to all of our many fighting fronts. And that is not all; the Canadian Government has made the Imperial Government an outright gift of £225,000,000, sufficient to cover all our war purchases in Canada until well into next year.

FROM CAPTIVE TO KING

King George the Sixth has received a card from British prisoners of war in Germany which bore the greeting:

*A little picture to express
My wishes for your happiness;
A little message from my pen
To haste the day we'll meet
again.
God grant you every Christmas
cheer
And joy throughout the Coming
Year.*

Loyal Devotion from All Ranks

The EDITOR'S TABLE

A Very Surprising Thing

It is to a vast number of people a little disturbing to see brewery shares jumping from three per cent to ten per cent in dividends, and to read that the consumption of tobacco has gone up by over 10,000 tons in a year.

How much labour and how much shipping is involved by all this we cannot say, but it is odd that drinking and smoking should be more and more while most other things are less and less.

Every atom of tobacco must be brought in ships to this country, and we find that the weight smoked last year was over a hundred thousand tons.

ROBERT DUNSTAN

We like that story of an Australian schoolboy, Robert Dunstan. He joined up as a sapper, lost his leg at Tobruk, and has now gone back to school to get ready for joining the Australian Air Force.

Who can defeat a country with lads like that?

The Silent Minute

One of our readers sends us from Bournemouth this prayer she has written for the Silent Minute, while Big Ben strikes before the nine o'clock news, there being one petition for each stroke.

LORD, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God; let not man prevail against Thee. Victory is of the Lord.

Inspire our King and Queen, and Prime Minister.

Comfort all the sick in body or in mind.

Thrust back all the forces of evil. Order aright the movements of our Army, Navy, and R.A.F.

Restrain the devices of the crafty.

Illumine and help all night workers everywhere.

Encourage all who are toiling in every department.

Succour those in enemy-occupied countries. Amen

The Road to Slavery

Now that Japan has returned to barbarism it may be recalled that during China's heroic attempt to get rid of the curse of opium by forbidding its growth in her fields, the Japs promoted a smuggling trade.

On the face of it it appeared to be nothing but the operation of a low-minded commerce for profit, but it is now declared on high authority that the object of the Japs was officially to encourage the use of opium to weaken and enslave the peoples they had marked down for conquest. It was but an incident in the battle of the Huns for the overthrow of the World.

Tomorrow in the Civil Services

WE must all be glad to see the suggestions now being made for a revolution in our Civil Services. They will never be the same again, for they must be infused with an entirely new spirit of energy and an entire abandonment of red tape. No more must precious hours be spent in seeking the best form to send to a little council anxious to mend a path, or parish pump. The prevailing desire of Whitehall must be to help forward the local spirit which would improve the life of the people, and to abolish the endless delays which break the heart of any pioneer.

There will be a great demand for Civil Servants with the coming of Peace and we hope the conditions of the new services will be made attractive enough to tempt, not the seeker after comfort and security, but those ambitious spirits everywhere who seek to make their country happier for all.

THE LIBERTY WAR

DEAR EDITOR,—I note that President Roosevelt is asking for a name to give to this war.

I wrote to you in September 1939 making the suggestion that it might be called the Liberty War, because we are seeking to liberate the oppressed peoples in Europe from the Nazi menace. The war certainly might have a worse name than Liberty War.

FRED WARD, Birmingham.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

YOU never can tell. Somebody was saying the other day that the value of a diamond is never written on its face.

It is a maxim often quoted in a business where it is highly important not to be taken in by appearances; but its truth is evident to anyone who has ever seen a rough diamond.

The famous Cullinan Diamond, when it was brought to England was shown to a party of journalists, and the writer asked if he might hold it in his hand. To his uninstructed eye it looked like a lump of washing soda, but after it had been cut, two of its fragments came out as resplendent diamonds which are now sparkling gems in our Crown Jewels.

BUT there is quite another way in which we might say that the diamond's value is not written on its face. This value has nothing to do with its beauty or its rarity; it is in its hardness. As a cutting tool the diamond is beyond compare because it is harder than anything it may be asked to cut. Dust of diamonds tipping a steel needle will make it the most delicate instrument of precision, one that will draw the lines on a screw to a ten-thousandth of an inch, or bore a hole through which a ton of copper can be drawn as fine as a spider's web.

You never can tell, when you look at a thing, what its use may be. If a lifeless thing like a diamond can hide secrets, the discoveries made by the mind can hide far more. There were the photographic films Professor Röntgen found in a drawer near an electric glow tube, where he had left them. A fog had come over the films. His eye noticed it; his mind asked about it; and, from this find, so trifling at the time, the X-rays were born.

So also with a handful of aluminium beads, that a young laboratory assistant showed gleefully to his professor half a century ago. He had made them by dogged perseverance with a new process, and the result has been that aluminium, then rather looked down upon, has become one of the two most widely-used metals.

So, do not judge too much by appearances. After all, a Nazi looks something like a man, but we know that he is much more like a wolf.

JUST AN IDEA

Nothing can bring peace but yourself, nothing but the triumph of principles, as Emerson said.



The Quiet Hour

ATS girls enjoying a quiet game of draughts in the lounge of the new Transit Camp just opened in London. It is a Bloomsbury hotel and has accommodation for 700 ATS officers and girls.

IN THE HEADMASTER'S ROOM

HALF a dozen men sat in a headmaster's private room. They had been called to interview and encourage some sixteen-year-old youths to make themselves useful, and to suggest some kind of spare-time activity. Most of the youths proved to be very busy, and many of them worked long hours; one said he worked from seven in the morning until seven in the evening, Saturdays included.

"And what do you do with your evenings?" one of the interviewers wanted to know.

On three nights of the week he practised his music, the lad replied.

And what did he do on the other evenings? another questioner wanted to know.

He went to the pictures one night, came the frank reply.

"What do you do on the other three?" he was asked.

"I visit a friend, sir," said the lad, looking at the floor, and in

reply to a question he admitted that it was a lady friend. His interviewers looked at one another knowingly, as much as to say "Well, did you ever?"

But afterwards one of the six men said "I'm afraid, gentlemen, you have got a wrong impression. I know the friend this lad visits. It is a lady friend, and he does visit her three nights a week. She is a blind, crippled, old lady, and he cycles twelve miles three times a week to visit her. He reads to the old lady, and I know she welcomes his visits. But he also relieves a grown-up daughter of that home, who for many years has had sole care of her aged mother."

The other five men smiled again, but this time it was the smile of admiration. They felt very sure now that there were some kinds of national service which even the authorities had not remembered to prescribe.

All Night in a Death-Trap

A FEW weeks ago we called attention to the large number of disused mine workings in the West Country which, because of inadequate fencing, were nothing but death-traps for the unwary. We quoted incidents of animals having fallen into old shafts.

We considered that something should be done about it, that steps should be taken to see that the openings to derelict workings were properly sealed and fenced.

Since then the danger has been stressed by the falling of a 13-year-old Redruth lad into a

shaft, where for eight hours, all through the night, he remained trapped and helpless 60 feet underground! He was at last discovered by his uncle, Mr C. Curtis, who with commendable bravery descended by means of a rope and succeeded in bringing the youth safely to the surface.

We are glad to hear that Camborne-Redruth Trades Council have decided to draw the attention of the Ministry of Mines to the presence of these death-traps in the hope that prompt action will be taken.

Under the Editor's Table

THERE is room for closer contact between officers and other ranks. But if there were less room there would be closer contact.

VAN girls ought to get a boy's wage, says a news heading. Hard on the boys.

A SINGER has taken London by storm. Lightning success.

GERMANY is jamming our broadcasts. Instead of its bread?

Peter Puck Wants to Know



It is suggested that bank clerks should work in arms factories at week-ends. They would make good hands.

DIG for dear life, says a gardener. And cheap food, while you are about it.

HOUSES are short at Wembley. But rents are high.

If picking it too soon will make an apple tart out. BLACK markets will soon be stopped. Blacked

Be Not Dismayed

FAITH, Hope, Charity, these still stand fast. We often hear a grown-up saying nowadays about boys and girls that "they seem to have no nerves."

Doctors are heartened and encouraged by the fact, which is still being proved in these quieter days no less than at the height of the Blitz. It would be a bad thing indeed if youthful imagination concentrated itself, as the minds of too many adults do, not merely on the horrors which have happened, but on those which *might* happen.

War is Not a Game

Worry comes soon enough in life. We do not want the children to worry if we can help it, and the actual daily dangers are worrying very few of them, even among those who have suffered in the savagery of the raids.

But now there has come a time when the danger to the nerves of children takes a different form. War-weariness, bred of repeated disappointment, misfortune, and sheer disaster, is beginning to show itself in our midst. We are losing the Dunkirk splendour of soul just when we need it most.

"Isn't it time we had our innings?" That is the question which people are asking each other, in the idiom of our great national game. Well, war is not a game, unfortunately, and whatever "rules" we imagined it once had have long since been eliminated by Hitler and his jackals.

We have to fight for our "innings." It will never come just because we think it must at last be "our turn." That thought is one of the products of the peculiar complacency we are beginning to recognise as one of the fatal defects in our national character.

It is fatal precisely because it reacts so forlornly on the mind when the expected better news fails to materialise; and it is this forlorn attitude of mind which can be so perilously contagious.

Simplicity Goes Marching On

STEP by step the Simple Life is not merely introduced to us but is forced upon us.

Lord Woolton simplifies our diet; and various other authorities condemn us not merely to buy less clothing, but to part with cherished pockets and buttons and permanent turn-ups to our trousers.

Always we listen anxiously to official broadcasts which threaten us with all sorts of pains and penalties if we dare to commit acts which yesterday were counted not only desirable, but innocent.

When in the Blitz mothers and fathers rushed to protect their children, boys and girls caught the infection of that indomitable courage. They too were keyed up to meet the worst the murderous Hun could do. They felt they were in the fight, part of it, and that their conduct could help to win it, as indeed it did. "Grim but gay," said Mr Churchill, and truly there was much glamour in those terrible hours.

But now, though the news is so bad, the actual danger is far away at the moment. There is little to rouse the spirit of those who wait at home, and much to depress it. The grimness is there, but the gaiety is gone.

The reason is that after the mercy of Dunkirk and our great Deliverance in the Battle of Britain, we were too ready to believe that it was "our innings" at last. When it seemed that the expectation was premature, too many of us were ready to lose heart, and it seems to us that the children are noticing this.

Yet there is no need to lose heart. We need all the heart we have to put into our work, whatever it is and wherever it may be. But, apart from this, why should we lose heart, when the mighty forces of final victory are gathering themselves together for the winning effort?

The Sun Will Rise Again

Faith in our cause, hope in our difficulties, charity in our judgment of those to whom we have entrusted our leadership—are not these the essential needs of this testing-time?

These three elements of the spirit are natural to boys and girls, who have not yet been saddened and disappointed by life. They are natural also to those rare personalities who have not lost their spirit with the passing of years. Let us keep our good courage and not be dismayed when the clouds pass over. The sun will appear again.

Where this is to stop no man knoweth.

What of after the war? Shall we have become so used to the simple life as to find it second nature to go without permanent turn-ups to our trousers? Or will there be an outburst of extravagance in compensation for so much going without? Will long dinners disappear and clothes be so simplified that a man may hope to go sufficiently dressed in two or perhaps three garments? Or will such questions be settled for us by a neat combination of fallen incomes and high taxation? Who knows?

CARRY ON

THE BLESSING AND THE BURDEN

LET us make relief in cases where there are a number of children a matter of right and an honour instead of a ground for opprobrium and contempt.

This will make a large family a blessing and not a curse; and this will draw a proper line of distinction between those who are able to provide for themselves by their labour and those who, after having enriched their country with a number of children, have a claim upon its assistance for their support.

William Pitt in the 18th century

Time, Like an Ever-Rolling Stream

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising Sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Beats all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts

Every Day's History

NOR a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that are great shall be small and the small great; but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep.

Charles Reade

Our People to Their Country

EVER the faith endures,
England, my England:
Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own.
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles
blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles
blown!

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and
ward,
England, my own.
You whose mailed hand keeps
the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor
ease
Were the Song on your bugles
blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles
blown.

W. E. Henley

The Ploughman of Bonnie Scotland

The ploughman is the man of the hour. Here is Longfellow's picture of a Ploughman in the Fields of Ayr.

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr,
A ploughman who, in foul
and fair,
Sings at his task

So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or
his,

Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those
fields

A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom
the rye,

The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the way-
side weed

Becomes a flower; the lowliest
reed

Beside the stream

Is clothed with beauty; gorse
and grass
And heather, where his footsteps
pass,

The brighter seem,
And then to die so young and
leave

Unfinished what he might
achieve!

Yet better sure

Is this, than wandering up and
down

An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native
land

As an immortal youth; his
hand

Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,

His voice is in each rushing
brook

Each rustling bough.

The Noblest Deeds Are Not For Gold

WHY the Argonauts went I cannot tell: some say it was to win gold. It may be so; but the noblest deeds which have been done on earth have not been done for gold.

It was not for the sake of gold that the Lord came down and died, and the Apostles went out to preach the good news in all lands.

The Spartans looked for no reward in money when they fought and died at Thermopylae: and Socrates, the wise, asked no pay from his countrymen, but lived poor and walked barefoot all his days, only caring to make men good.

Our discoverers did not go to make themselves rich when they sailed out one after another into the dreary frozen seas;

nor did the ladies who went out to drudge in the hospitals of the East, making themselves poor that they might be rich in noble works.

And young men, too . . . did they say to themselves, "How much money shall I earn?" when they went out to the war, leaving wealth and comfort and a pleasant home and all that money can give to face hunger and thirst and wounds and death that they might fight for their country? . . .

No, there is a better thing on earth than wealth, a better thing than life itself; and that is, to have done something before you die for which good men may honour you and God, your Father, smile upon your work.

Charles Kingsley

FATHER, KEEP ME

FATHER, who keepest
The stars in Thy care,
Me, too, Thy little one,
Childish in prayer,
Keep, as Thou keepest
The soft night through,
Thy long white lilies
Asleep in Thy dew.

Charles G. D. Roberts

How to Wear a Watch

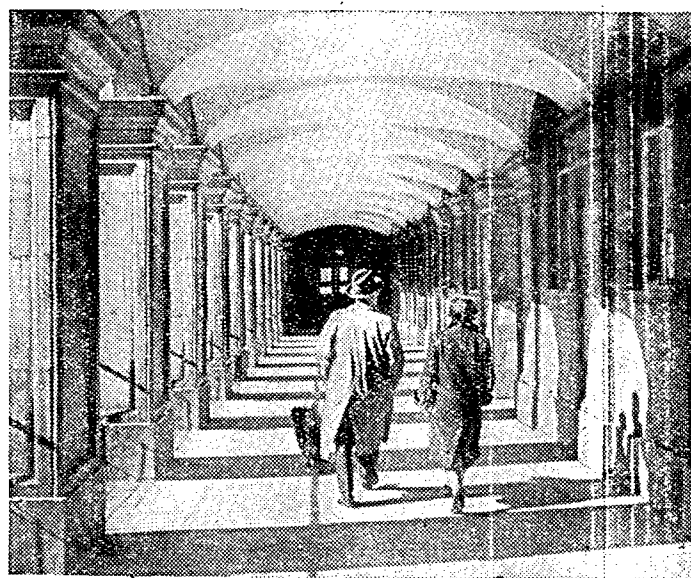
WEAR your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one.

Lord Chesterfield

WOE TO THAT NATION

WOE to the nation whose military power is irresistible.

Wordsworth



Spring Sunshine in the Cloisters
at Hampton Court Palace

AUSTRALIA THE GREAT

The White Man and the Dying Native Race

Last week's instalment of our story of Australia, taken from Arthur Mee's Book of the Flag, told of the explorers who marched across the continent. In this, the final chapter, we read of the dying native race, the Blackfellows who were the first inhabitants of the continent.

It was an Irishman and a Devon man who first set out to make the journey from south to north, and it is one of the pathetic tragedies of discovery. William Wills came from Totnes and Robert O'Hare Burke from Galway, and they set out together for the first march south to north across Australia.

They came to the point when Wills had to make the decision. Captain Oates was to make in *Antarctica* long afterwards, and he insisted that Burke should go on without him, leaving behind a starvation diet that would keep Wills alive for eight days. Burke struggled on with a man named King, but dropped dead of sheer starvation; King got back to Melbourne and relief was sent out. It was too late.

The expedition found Burke lying with his face to the sky, while Wills lay with his open diary telling the story of one of the bravest pilgrimages men have ever undertaken. They were buried with great pomp in Melbourne, and their monument faces the Parliament House.

The Boat in the Tree

There was exploring at this same time John M'Dougall Stuart, who mapped Australia from north to south and by a remarkable coincidence reached Melbourne in triumph in the very hour when Burke and Wills

reached it in death. He put the flag in what he thought to be the very middle of Australia, and reached the sea after tremendous hardships, travelling through scrub with thorns so long that a man could be lost five yards away, coming upon nettles 50 feet high, and seeing his men go mad and disappear in the Bush. One pathetic story he recorded. Up in the branches of a tree was a small canoe, carved by natives who had clearly wished it to look beautiful, and in it lay the body of a little child.

Such were the men who opened the gates of the Unknown Continent. Such were the adventures, the long toil and the bitter suffering, by which Australia was made known to its people. We can guess it all from the names they put on the map—Coffin Hill, Glen Thirsty, Anxious Bay, Cape Catastrophe, Disaster Bay, Starvation Lake, Dead Man's Hill, Weary Bay, Illusion Plains.

In all their hundred years of exploration these pioneers had come upon no human beings save the remnant of the native race of Blackfellows, the first inhabitants of the continent, the savages who had frightened Dampier, who had known Cook, who had marched with Eyre, who had murdered Edward Kennedy and left poor Jackie all alone. The story of these poor people, still wandering in their lone spaces of the Australian wilderness, is one of the bitter stories of the world; we who read the C N know the story well, through Daisy Bates who has given her life to them for more than a generation.

In the far-off days when they had Australia to themselves life

must always have been hard for them, for the soil was niggardly and the rivers would dry up, so that they must always be on the move; yet in this wide continent they were prisoners. If they wanted to emigrate they had only small canoes, and for all they knew the water around them was boundless. Still, they managed to live, for they had a natural cleverness which comes to those who live close to Nature. It is said that their eyes are so keen that they can see one of Jupiter's moons with the naked eye.

When Edward John Eyre was almost dying of thirst a native boy led him to a tree growing in a hollow. He dug down to the big lateral root, broke it at the end near the tree, peeled off the bark for about twenty feet, and split the branch into little pieces, which he stood up in a hollow piece of bark. Then they waited an hour, and by that time a pint of water had dripped into the basin.

A Mother's Lament

It is pathetic that so intelligent a race should have come to nothing. It is believed that there were 300,000 left when white men came to Australia, but at the beginning of the 19th century the convicts who were sent out to inhabit the continent would escape into the Bush, and their contact with the natives was fatal. They gave them brandy, tobacco, and smallpox, and the rapid degeneration of the race began.

The pioneers in the Outback have been kind to all these poor folk, and the wives of the pastoral farmers have brought freedom to every native woman on their station. Among the natives a woman is a slave of all the boys and men, and must do their bidding in an instant, day or night. She can never be sure of a meal for she comes after the dingo, and if the men leave a crumb the dingo has it. As we leave these people we may think of the picture of a native mother left to us by the first born poet of Australia, Charles Harper, in his poem of a Mother's Lament:

*Still farther would I fly, my child,
To make thee safer yet,
From the unsparing white man,
With his dread hand murder-wet.
I'll bear thee on as I have borne
With stealthy steps wind-fleet,
But the dark night shrouds the
forest,
And thorns are in my feet.*

*O, moan not! I would give this braid
(Thy father's gift to me)
For but a single palmful
Of water now for thee.*

The Bus Ticket

How true it is that little personal habits reveal character, as a photograph exhibits the features of an individual.

The other day the writer was travelling in a bus and observed the ways of two boys and a girl with their tickets. One boy took out a notebook and carefully placed it inside, and left it there. The other boy played with the ticket until he had reduced it to bits of scrap. The girl held hers in her hand until she came to her destination, when she carefully placed it in the box reserved for used tickets.

A Short Life of Shakespeare

Born April 23, 1564
Died April 23, 1616

IT is impossible to account for Shakespeare's genius, which seems without ancestry or posterity. His father, John Shakespeare, was of petty yeoman stock. Going to Stratford in 1551 from the family home at Snitterfield, he traded in corn, malt, wool, and meat, and was a Glover. His wife, Mary Arden, was a daughter of a Wilmcote farmer.

John filled various civic offices, quarrelled, ran into debt, and had to surrender his wife's lands for

So he wrote for an hour that which was destined to live for ever; wrote for a murky little theatre that had no scenery, in which all his matchless women were played by men or boys, to audiences half barbaric, who had an Athenian ear for great verse, but loved violence and clamour, and demanded that entertainment should flow with song and dance and pageant, yet have a Tudor lacing of battle and murder and sudden death.

An Unknown Poet

He took his good where he found it. Any plot, current or ancient, served him; Plautus, Plutarch, Holinshed, contemporary Italian, even plays newly produced, a fact that Robert Greene resented in his immortal attempt to wound him.

He took the crude ore of history or lame invention, passed it through the alembic of his imagination, and lo there issued a new creation of fine gold and rich jewels, whose lustre lights the ages. His first three plays might have been written by other men of genius, but at 28, with *Romeo and Juliet*, the pinnacles of his mind expanded, and he soared to heights never before attained, with the most exquisite tragedy of love ever conceived.

Next he dressed English history in glowing garments of poetry; then, with a dozen plays on which to rest reputation, he dashed off two long poems and the sonnets. The problem of their dedication has not been solved, and we know not the poet immortalised in them in the magnificent line speaking of "The full proud sail of his great verse."

A Man of Wealth

The poet returned to the drama with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and so in an ascending line to peaks of grandeur outdistancing all human effort; *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*, the tragedies, and two other plays within five years, a literature, an everlasting heritage of sublimity. His sun set in a golden glory to invest *The Tempest* with urbanity, mellow philosophy, and a loveliness that makes even savage Caliban speak enchanting poetry.

Shakespeare came home in 1611, a man of wealth, to build a home and create an estate, but he was an ailing, failing man. During his last days Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton paid him a visit, and they celebrated the reunion with such enthusiasm that Shakespeare was thrown into a fever of which he died on April 23, 1616. He was buried two days later in a grave dug 17 feet deep to guard against disturbance of his bones, a desecration as to which the poor but famous epitaph is both prayer and warning.

WHEN THE WOODS ARE AFIRE

A Burmese native saying, "When the woods are afire the wild cat slaps its upper arm," has a topical application just now. It means that in times of disturbance the robbers and dacoits of the Burmese jungles find their opportunity. These are the natural allies of the Japanese.

BEDTIME CORNER

THE WIND

A JOLLY fellow is the Wind
All through the sunny day,
He blows and blows, and, oh,
he knows
The very way to play!

A silly fellow is the Wind
When I'm in bed, for, hark!
He comes and cries for me to
rise
And play out in the dark!

Silly Billy

BILLY had been to school for the first time.
"How do you like your teacher, darling?" Mummie asked.
"Not a bit," replied Billy.

"She took me to a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And though I sat for quite a long time she never gave it to me."

"Never gave you what?"

"The present."

Bible Question

Of whom was it said that he was a mighty hunter before the Lord?

— *down*

PRAYER

KEEP me through this night,
O Lord, and help me
through another day. Guide
me through its troubles and
make me brave and patient
and willing to serve Thee in
all things. Amen.

HELPING DADDIE IN THE GARDEN



The Children's Newspaper, April 25, 1942

History Repeats Itself in Father and Son

HISTORY repeats itself, it is said, and rubber, which has suddenly become a threatened necessity of prime importance, seems to support the theory as well as to furnish one of the most astounding coincidences in our experience as an inventive people.

It was Sir W. H. Perkin, the great chemist, who gave the world the first artificial dye, with its attendant train of explosives and its almost numberless series of chemical extractions he opened up from the heart of coal, which had until then been merely a smoky fuel. At one stride he created a revolution, but, though it was an Englishman who discovered it, it was Germany who developed what he had found, and from the proceeds of this Englishman's discovery we paid Germany enough, year after year, to liquidate a national debt.

Sir William had a son known throughout the world as an illustrious Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, who did as wonderful a thing as his father had done. In 1912 he invented the first artificial rubber, which it was asserted could be marketed at such a price as to compete with natural rubber. But it was not to be. The Germans did make synthetic indigo so cheaply that they killed India's trade in the growth of natural indigo, with its lovely hue and abiding virtue. But Perkin's artificial rubber could not compete with the rubber from the trees of Malaya or Brazil. There

seemed no reason why it should, for natural rubber was abundant and cheap. But in Germany, where money was being diverted to the secret production of armaments and could not be spared for purchases abroad, there was always an incentive to foster artificial production of an article.

Indeed, German chemists had been treading the same paths towards discovery as Perkin had; but to their dismay, when they came to patent their processes, they found that the easy-going Oxford professor, who rose so early to cultivate his garden and gave so much of his time daily to playing his piano, had for years burnt the midnight oil to some purpose, and was ahead of them all, for he had patented the process while they were still toiling in their laboratories.

Alas, his invention went no further with world prices so impossibly low; it remained a monument to the Perkin genius and no more. History has certainly repeated itself with a vengeance in his family: two fundamental discoveries, vitally important to us in the end, left to our rivals and enemies to develop and profit by at our expense!

The Refugee Rossettis

WE are all familiar with refugees today; unhappily there are millions of them waiting for the day of their freedom.

How many of us remember that we owe two of our poets (the Rossettis) to the fact that their father was a refugee, driven to England by the cruelties of the Mussolini of his day—King Ferdinand the First, who set the example for the monstrous reign of his grandson which was denounced by Mr Gladstone 90 years ago. He was King of the Two Sicilies, and a villain of the deepest dye who would have been the delight of Japs and Nazis.

One day a British warship lay in the harbour at Naples and through the main street marched a detachment of Bluejackets. Suddenly a man, wearing uniform like their own, darted from a doorway, joined their ranks, marched with them down to the ship, and sailed away, never to return. The stranger was Gabriele Rossetti, inspired son of a blacksmith, who, having added hard-won education to his native genius, had gained fame as a scholar and an advocate of public liberty, which the king trampled down as Mussolini does today.

The king had decreed that, whatever the verdict at the trial,

Rossetti must die, but the British Admiral, Sir Graham Moore, had read Rossetti's poems and it was he and his wife who had planned his escape, providing the uniform in which he made it.

They took him to Malta, where another ship brought him to England, and here he won a reputation for scholarship and high character. He was the father of four children, of whom one was Christina, the poet, and another Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who not only charmed the world as a poet but was a fine artist. Whatever the fate of his pictures (and many of them are national property) we know that the best of his poems are for all time. The father never returned to the Italy from which he had fled for his life, but he was always remembered by the best Italian spirits, and 16 years ago a monument in his honour was erected at his native place.

His son was entirely a Londoner and never set foot in Italy. His wife was a beautiful English girl, and her death, two years after their marriage, so overwhelmed him that he placed the manuscripts of many unpublished poems in the coffin with her. Not until seven years had passed could his friends induce him to rescue them from her tomb.

WHAT COLOUR IS THE MOON?

NEXT time the moon is near the full every reader can practise astronomy without a telescope by deciding whether and when the moon is yellow or white, or whether it is yellow by night and white by daylight.

This question was gravely debated at the last meeting of the British Astronomical Association, where also reasons for the difference were put forward. The principal authority, Mr F. J. Hargreaves, roundly declared that

it was a question of the observer's eyesight. To him the moon appeared neutral grey, and its real colour is a greyish brown, though the sunlight shining on it did not allow this to appear. But to most eyes the moon appears yellow by night because of its dark background. By day its reflected light has to pass through the bluish atmosphere of the earth and the blue mingling with the brown becomes more or less white. It is yellower in summer.

THE RAILINGS HAVE COME DOWN

From a Correspondent

And Jerusalem shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets.
Zechariah.

Some good things come out of the war, as I discovered on Easter morning.

Ours is a typical Scots kirk, built just 100 years ago, plain almost to ugliness, one of many in industrial towns guarded by locked gates and high railings from Sunday to Sunday.

On Easter morning the railings had been removed. There was a new feeling of freedom and accessibility; the first barrier was down. Life had had a resurrection. When will the doors be opened for the passer-by? I thought.

Admiring the frontage, I remarked to a friend that I wondered why ever they had railings, and the reply was, to keep the children from playing on the steps! Poor church!

Long may the children play on the steps as joyfully as the children play in the streets of Heaven, and may the door ever beckon them inside to a fuller enjoyment of the sanctuary!

The Small Troubles of These Days

One of the minor difficulties of war is the difficulty in getting repairs done, whether house repairs or repairs to clothes or to household things. If a watch goes wrong, the watchmaker tells us that new parts are unobtainable and that he already has a houseful of repair jobs on hand. The scarcity of leather is making it difficult to repair shoes, and some shoemakers are setting up repair sections because little shoe repairers are so scarce.

In compensation for all this we find invention doing its best with new processes and materials. The ever-growing plastics industry has produced a substitute for leather which is being brought into use and is so satisfactory that it may have a permanent place in the shoe industry. For the rest, the only thing is to take greater care of the goods we have.

Centenarian Income Tax

A centenary of the Income Tax is one that may be forgotten, but at the present moment cannot well be neglected. It was in 1842 that Sir Robert Peel instituted it. But a financial expert reminds us that William Pitt had put on an income tax during the war with Napoleon, which was afterwards repealed on the petition of the City of London amid universal rejoicing, signalled in the burning of the old records of it in four bonfires in Old Palace Yard, at which Lord Brougham assisted.

Very different was the attitude of another judge of our own time, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who told his complaining secretary, "Young man, when I pay my taxes I buy civilisation."

Mites Make Mountains

Two gifts received during a warship week show how old and young are both helping. An old-age pensioner apologised for having no money, but handed in a watch-chain from which hung an old guinea-piece, and a seven-year-old boy sent a stamp "to buy a nail for a battleship."

LIFE UNDER THE NEW ORDER

ALL the world knows that the Nazis are not having all their own way in the countries they have invaded, and that the enslaved peoples are seething with wrath against them.

But perhaps it is not realised how much they are able to do to hamper the invaders. The C N does not like recording acts of violence, but it is only by violent warfare that the makers of the war can be driven back to their own Slave State.

It is, of course, only by underground influences that the victims of the Nazis can work, but it is now reported that they have been responsible for making unusable one of the power plants in Germany itself, for many explosions at munition works near Berlin, and for great destruction at the Goering works. At a chemical factory near Dusseldorf 40 Italians have been shot for bringing about explosions or strikes, and at Neuberg mechanics have been sent to prison for breaking their lathes.

In the huge Skoda factories in Czechoslovakia every fifth machine has an armed guard,

and at the factory where the Bren gun was made an explosion brought all work to an end for 14 hours. In France last autumn 74 steel foundries were sabotaged, 18,000 truck loads of war material were destroyed, 30 ammunition dumps were blown up, and 184 trains derailed. Deliberate damage to tools reduced a factory's output by 45 per cent near Paris, at Rouen an ammunition train was blown up, in Hungary six industrial plants have been damaged, in Italy 135 Germans were killed by the wreck of a troop train, in Greece a German troop train was derailed, and in Roumania a fire at the State Railway offices injured 100 people, and a railway smash killed 72 officers and soldiers.

It is sometimes asked why Hitler has been so quiet on the Western Front, but the reason is plain. He is busy keeping down revolts under his New Order.

Arriving an Hour Before

WHEN Whistler, the American painter who so loved England that he spent his last 40 years here, was congratulated by an admirer on the lifelike qualities of a picture he replied, "Yes, Nature is catching up!"

So is Fact. Today, with Summer Time prevailing in Northern Ireland, it is possible to cross into Southern Ireland at one o'clock for lunch and arrive there at noon, the extra hour not having been adopted in Eire.

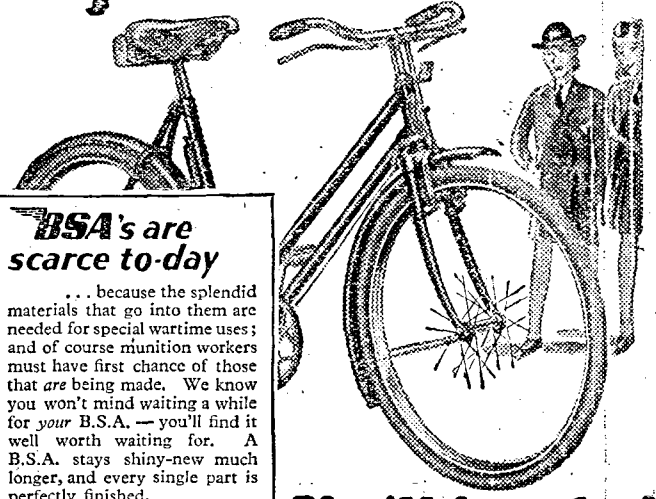
In a discussion some years ago of the time problem involved by Einstein's idea of Relativity, Professor Reginald Buller, an Eng-

lishman who has since been helping to teach Young Canada botany, dashed off a merry rhyme which seems to anticipate this little difficulty of the time-differences in Ireland. We hope he will pardon us for quoting it:

*There was a young lady named Bright
Whose speed was far faster than light;
She set out one day
In a relative way,
And returned home the previous night.*

That is his fancy; Ireland has done her best to match his fiction.

That's the Bicycle I've asked my Dad to put me down for



**BSA's are
scarce to-day**

... because the splendid materials that go into them are needed for special wartime uses; and of course munition workers must have first chance of those that are being made. We know you won't mind waiting a while for your B.S.A. — you'll find it well worth waiting for. A B.S.A. stays shiny-new much longer, and every single part is perfectly finished.

You'll be glad

**you waited for a BSA
Bicycle**

You can still have a free catalogue if you write to:—
Dept. N4/4, B.S.A. CYCLES LTD., Birmingham, 11

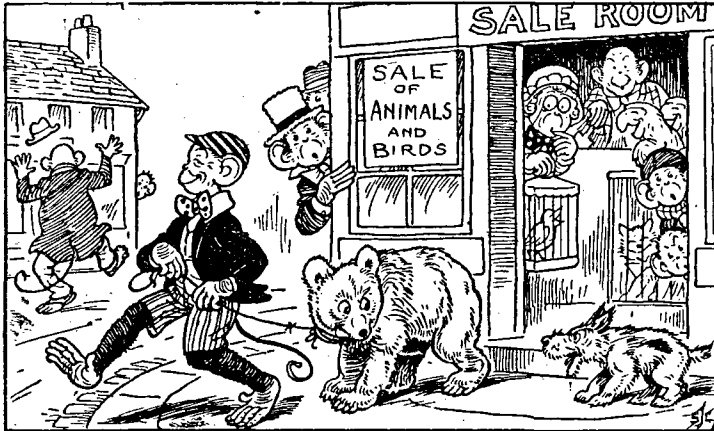
8

ACCOMPLISHED FACT

THE young man was boasting. "No man ever made me look silly," he said. "Then who did it?" asked his elderly friend.

Do You Live at Shipley?

THE name was originally spelt Scipeleia, and is from the Old English sceap, a sheep, and lea, meaning either a meadow or a village. The meaning is therefore the sheep meadow or village. Ship-ton, the name of some ten towns and villages in England, had a similar origin.

A New Pet for Jacko

A SALE of livestock was announced for Monkeyville Auction Rooms. "I must pop in here," said Jacko; "There's bound to be some fun." Bidding was brisk for parrots and cats, and when a baby bear was offered Jacko made a bid; but to his surprise there were no others and the bear was his! It took all his pocket-money, but what did that matter? On a piece of string Jacko proudly led his new pet into the street, where people kept at a respectful distance and Bouncer growled to show his disgust!

The Important Cow

AMONG the tribes of the Konde people, near Lake Nyasa, in Africa, the cow is all-important. The young men of the family sleep in the cowshed, the children play lovingly with the cow. Each cow has her name, perhaps an equivalent for our Daisy and Buttercup and Clover, and each comes when she is called. The cow pays the taxes with her milk; she answers to her name, and follows her owner everywhere. Men put all their savings into buying cows; they go to law when they quarrel over cows. A present of a cow ends a bitter feud. The people preserve milk that is not drunk at once by covering it over in large pots; it is eaten, when thick, with bananas and with potatoes, and is delicious to the palate.

THE BRAN TUB

Speed of a Glacier

THE speed at which glaciers travel varies considerably. Some glaciers in Greenland move as much as fifty feet in a day, but their normal speed is about twenty feet a day. The Mer de Glace in the Alps takes four hours to travel an inch in winter, but in the summer it travels twice as fast.

DEFIANCE

A HEDGEHOG with prickles to spare In the springtime was taking the air, When it heard a footfall It rolled up like a ball And invited the world to beware!

Brain

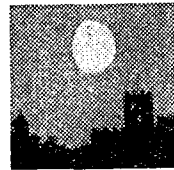
THE human brain, which weighs nine or ten ounces at birth, grows in a man to three pounds and in a woman to two pounds ten ounces.

Little Man

Two little hands, Dimpled and fat, Two little feet That patter and pat, Two bright eyes Of heaven's own blue, Two little arms Thrown around you. One little chin Dimpled with fun, Two little legs That sturdily run. Two little ears And two little cheeks, One little mouth That treasured word speaks. One little brain Full of wond'ring thought, Quick to absorb Whatever be taught. One little soul, Spotless and white, God give us grace To train him aright.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Neptune is in the south-east; Jupiter and Mars are in the south-west; Saturn and Uranus are in the west. In the morning Venus is in the south-east.



The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, April 26.

Audacity

THE singer had just left the stage. "How I envy that man!" said a listener. "But he can't sing; his voice is awful," replied his friend. "I know that," said the first speaker; "but think of the nerve of the man to imagine he can!"

The Swan and the Pixie

A SWAN as pale as paper and A pixie black as night Together make what artists call A sketch in black and white.

How Wedgwood Wrote His Name JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, born at Burslem in 1730, was the most famous of British potters.

Jos. Wedgwood

He raised ornamental pottery to a fine art and introduced many technical improvements. He died in 1795.

Illuminated Bait

FIRST ANGLER: That lake is no good at all. Why, it is so muddy that the fish can't see the bait.

Second Angler. Then why not use glow-worms?

Bad Spell

FATHER was reading his son's school report. "At the bottom of the class for spelling again," he remarked. "What is the trouble, my lad?" "Well, Father," was the reply, "I know that one of my mistakes was to put too many z's in scissors."

Don't Worry

DON'T worry if your job is small And your rewards are few: Remember that the mighty oak Was once a nut like you.

Ici on Parle Français**Prière**

Dieu des enfants, le coeur d'une petite fille, Plein de prière, écoute! est ici sous mes mains; Tu me parles toujours d'orphelins sans famille: Dans l'avenir, mon Dieu, ne fais plus d'orphelins.

Laisse descendre au soir un ange qui pardonne, Pour répondre à des voix que l'on entend gémir; Mets sous l'enfant perdu, que la mère abandonne, Un petit oreiller qui le fasse dormir.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Is This?
In-sat-i-ate

Boys in School

There were 44 in the first form, 66 in the second form, 33 in the third form, and 22 in the fourth form.

BOAT	HEAR
ENDIVE	RE
N	ANIMATE
DAM	LID
TABLETS	
DON	AETC
INTEGERS	
NE	REVEAL
EDGE	EDIT

YOUNG ENGLAND

For over fifty years we have striven to improve the lot and character of the boys and girls in the East End. It has always been our determination that our Youth Movement shall be fundamentally Christian, and while physical training has a prominent part in our Clubs, spiritual and cultural training constitute our first consideration. Will you please take a share?

R.S.V.P., The REV. PERCY INESON, Supt., The EAST END MISSION (Founded 1833), Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

DEMOCRACY IN THE SCHOOLS

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I saw a strange heading in a daily newspaper about which I want you to talk to me. It ran Teachers Say Abolish Public Schools, and referred to a speech by the President of the National Union of Teachers. It puzzled me because I thought that the schools to which most children go are "public."

Man. That is so. The schools established in every part of the land are carried on by public education authorities, and are supported by money raised by local and national taxation. They are public in the true sense of the word. The President of the NUT when he demanded the abolition of "public schools," was not referring to these truly public institutions, but to a very limited number of schools, most of them founded very long ago in times when education was so uncommon that most people could not read or write. They were called public schools because they were not in private ownership, but founded and endowed, and established as permanent institutions under the care of trustees who were often drawn from the clergy. They served a great purpose, and many famous men passed through them.

Boy. Are they very old?

Man. Yes; some of them are

ancient. The oldest is Winchester College, which was founded in 1382 by William of Wykeham. Eton College was founded by Henry the Sixth in 1440. These old institutions take great pride in the men they produced, and you may remember that Wellington remarked that Waterloo "was won on the playing fields of Eton." Eton takes pride in the fact that in the Great War of 1914-18 no less than 5000 old Etonians served, one in five of whom were killed. Gladstone was an Etonian, and so were Chatham and Charles James Fox.

Boy. But in the Great War nearly a million British were killed, and I take it that the number of these who had passed through "public schools" was comparatively small.

Man. Yes, the number could have been no more than a few thousands. It was, of course, the true public schools which furnished the bulk of the millions of men who passed through the army. That consideration brings us to the relation between schools and democracy. The speech you mentioned was directed against the perpetuation of class in the sphere of education. The President of the NUT thinks, and I think with him, that every child

born in Britain should have equal opportunity, and that that conception is inconsistent with a system which in effect maintains a limited number of class schools the fees for which, for a single child, would absorb more than the entire income of the majority of British families. The bulk of the boys attending public schools are trained to be the masters and employers of those who go to the national elementary and secondary schools. Thus democracy is, in effect, defeated at the outset of life.

Boy. Do other teachers agree with the verdict of the President of the NUT?

Man. I think there is no doubt that thinking people of all professions agree that our State schools are the only necessary and proper public schools. I see that at the Malvern Easter Conference of the Association of Headmistresses it was urged that all our existing public and private schools should either be abolished or incorporated in our national system of education. One speaker said, "We want a democracy, and if we are to achieve a democratic society the first essential is that all children, whether rich or poor, should spend their school life together."



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts.

Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'